

Pettalom "Berenice"

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Nights and nights I lose my reason
Oh, my bride... who am I in these
Nightmares of a dream land burning?
Oh, her teeth... her teeth are
Brightness of insane reasons
Haunted... Flying by the
Gold of walls in black wings
Silent wings
I scream your name

Oh, cypress night, sweet child
Dying ivory smile
You shade the winter... oh-oh
Oh, Silfide on that fountains

Oh, Nâiade!
In the bushes of Arnheim
Steps cross the mist

Keep away this mourning from me
Where the sun is dead and cold
In cold night her heart still is beating

On this grave

You can't feel my pain
Dying alone
Race of visionary! The blood of them run
Through our veins
Blood of dreams of disquiet minds!
We... grown so much different
Disease destroy her smile
But her teeth shine like ideas!

Now the silent in black wings
Reveal the horror, oh sad queen
The grave's doors are violated
A lapse of reason, blood on me

Higher night, the moon so mad
In despair sweating so sad
Her teeth was ideas

Are on the floor with my sanity

With my sanity... Oh, Berenice... forgive me!!!

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